

~Woody Guthrie Songs for Peaceful Protesting~

ALL YOU FASCISTS

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
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I'm gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organized
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

Chorus: All of you fascists bound to lose:
All of you fascists bound to lose:
All of you fascists bound to lose:
You're bound to lose!
You fascists bound to lose!

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
Your poll tax and Jim Crow
And greed has got to go
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose.

Chorus

People of every color
Marching side to side
Marching 'cross these fields
Where a million fascists die
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

Chorus

I'm going into this battle
And take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

Chorus

*When the world is down
look up*

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

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As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw below me that golden valley;
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding;
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus: This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing.
That side was made for you and me.

Chorus

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus



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DEPORTEE

Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Martin Hoffman
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The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;
They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border
To pay all their money to wade back again

My father's own father, he waded that river,
They took all the money he made in his life;
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.

Chorus: Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;
You won't have your names
when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be "deportees"

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,
Our work contract's out and we have to move on;
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

Chorus

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,
Who are these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says, "They are just deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil
And be called by no name except "deportees"?

Chorus



MY PEACE

Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Arlo Guthrie
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My peace, my peace is all I've got
That I can give to you
My peace is all I ever had
It's all I ever knew

I give my peace to green and black
And red and white and blue
My peace, my peace is all I've got
That I can give to you

My peace, my peace is all I've got
And all I've ever known
My peace is worth a thousand times more
Than anything I own
I pass my peace around and around
'Cross hands of every hue;
My peace, my peace is all I've got
That I can give to you



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